

## The Times-Dispatch.

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From June 1st the price of The Times-Dispatch, delivered by carrier within the corporate limits of Richmond and Manchester, is 12 cents per week, or 50 cents per calendar month.

Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

## PROBE DEEP.

Now that the Council has determined to investigate charges that have been made against present members and former members of that body, we do not feel like saying "I told you so," but we cannot permit the occasion to pass without calling attention to the fact that the newspapers of this city, representing the sentiment of the great majority of people, urged the Council several months ago, when the charges were first made, to investigate them then and there. Members of the Council who, for reasons sufficient to themselves, declined to go into an investigation, were warned that the charges could not be hushed up, and that they were making a bad matter worse by trying to do so. The mere fact that the Council refused to investigate caused all sorts of gossip and speculation. So far from hushing up the scandal, a thousand tongues were set to wagging, and this has been from that day until now a leading topic of conversation upon all occasions when questions concerning municipal affairs were brought up between men. If the investigation had been ordered promptly at the time, it would have been over and done with long ago, and it would have passed very largely out of the public mind. As it is, the scandal has been kept alive, and now, nearly twelve months after the charges were first made, the Council finds it necessary to investigate.

Our remarks are not intended to condemn, but to point a lesson. This is no day for concealment. The public will not tolerate it, and whenever a charge is brought against a public official the best way, and the only way, to hush it up is to investigate it forthwith and let all the facts come out. It is the only way to allay suspicion and to satisfy the public.

This investigation was inevitable. It has come in response to a public demand. There may be no ground whatever for the charges. We hope to heaven that there is not. We hope that every man whose name has been mentioned in this connection will be able to show a clean score and to get a complete vindication. But the investigation must be thorough. There must be no technical dodging. It is the bounden duty of the Council to turn on the light, and it is the bounden duty of those who have been accused to let the investigation take the widest possible range. If any one of them is guilty he might as well confess. If he is innocent it is to his interest to have a full and free investigation. If he attempts to dodge behind a technicality he will certainly fall short of vindication. This investigation is not to be like a court trial, and the evidence that will be forthcoming should not be hedged about by the technicalities of the law, which are deemed to be necessary in court trials. Representatives of the people of this community will be on trial before the people, and the object of the investigation will be to show whether or not members against whom grave charges have been brought have been faithful or faithless to the trust which the people have reposed in them.

If the men are innocent, the whole community will rejoice, for the honor of Richmond is dear to every honest citizen. There is no disposition to persecute, but there is a demand for all the facts. There is no sympathy in Richmond with the practices of the hoodler, and there is no room here for him. Let us go to the bottom of all these charges. Let us have a thorough cleaning up while we are about it. Let us convict or vindicate the accused and be done with it.

DEMOCRACY AND PROHIBITION.

The Henry County Bulletin has a sensible article on Democracy and prohibition, in which it says that while the Democratic party is a temperance party, and while it has been willing to permit the application of the principle of local self-government to the regulation or suppression of the liquor traffic, it has never accepted an entirely different thing, and that the passage of the Mann bill "did not commit the party to such prohibition."

Our contemporary is entirely right. Some people seem to think that local option and prohibition are synonymous terms, but not so. Local option is simply a privilege which people in this locality and that are permitted to exercise under a State law. A general prohibition law would prohibit the sale of intoxicating

drinks everywhere in the State. A local option law leaves it to the people of the several localities to decide by ballot whether or not they will permit the sale of intoxicating liquors within their bounds. There is a vast difference in principle between these two propositions. If there were a general prohibition law it would be operative everywhere and might be operative in some cities, towns or magisterial districts where the people were practically unanimous in their opposition. In such a case it would be utterly impossible to enforce the law. But the local option law provides that the people of any locality may hold an election and settle the matter for themselves.

It is true that the Mann law is in a sense a prohibition law, but even in this law it is provided that the people may have a saloon if a majority of them sign a petition to that effect and comply with some minor requirements before the court. In point of fact, therefore, the principle of local option is preserved in the Mann law, and our most serious objection to the law is that public sentiment is tested by the process of petition rather than by the process of election, and we do not believe that public sentiment can be fairly tested except by secret ballot.

Some of the prohibitionists are saying that sooner or later the Democratic party must come out flatly for a general State prohibition law. We do not undertake to make predictions. The Democratic party may finally do this thing, but when it does it will depart from one of its fundamental principles and commit one of the greatest blunders of its existence.

## CHRISTIANITY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

In discussing with our esteemed contemporary, the Farmville Herald, the question of reading the Bible in the public schools, we asked if the Herald would compel the children of Jewish parents to read the New Testament? In reply, the Herald says:

"We beg to say, not to please Jew or Gentile, followers of Confucius or Buddha, those who train with Mahomet or Brigham Young, nor yet at the demands of agnosticism, infidelity nor any 'fool who says in his heart there is no God' would we exclude the Bible from the schools of Christian America, and to those who are offended, we would say there is no room in America for any man or class of men who are not willing to obey our Constitution and our laws."

This is Christian America and those who come to us should recognize that fact, just as when we go into the home of a neighbor it is expected that we will conform to the rules of the household. And is the "public school system" purely secular? If so, what is the use of the opinion of our comrade, who has been one of its warmest and staunchest supporters? Suppose we had said to Mr. Ogden and others on their recent visit to Richmond, you are here to "con the flames of Socialism," what would have been the answer? The Herald's leading newspaper? In our opinion the cure for socialism and all other harmful influences is to be found in the teachings of the Bible, the King James version, the Bible of the pews if not of the pulpit, and we would have it unchallenged, unbridled and untrammelled in our schools, our homes, our churches, our people as free as the air we breathe.

"Force no one to read it, compel no one to believe its truths, rest upon its promises or heed its warnings, but put it within the reach of all, that even he who runs may read, and reading may find his way to nobler citizenship here and truer royalty hereafter."

Our contemporary makes the mistake of assuming that ours is a Christian government. It is true that the great majority of our people believe in the Christian religion, but there is no established religion under our form of government. Strangely enough the Herald invokes the Constitution of the United States, whereas the Constitution expressly provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of a religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And in the Virginia bill of rights it is provided that "religion, or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and, therefore, all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience."

Our contemporary seems to overlook the fact that the great majority of Jews in this country are native born, and are as much a part and parcel of our body politic and as much entitled to the privileges and immunities of government as citizens who profess and call themselves Christians. To run the Jews out or to persecute them in any way on account of their religion would be an outrageous violation of the principles of Democracy and in imitation of the Russian government, whose recent acts have been so roundly denounced.

But in the conclusion of its article the Herald says it would force no one to read the Bible, and would compel no one to believe its truths. But how could this be if the State should make a rule compelling the children in the public schools either to read the Bible or to hear it read? We are unable to reconcile these conflicting statements on the part of the Herald.

The Herald is surprised that The Times-Dispatch should have raised the point that the public school system is secular, seeing that we have been lending our aid to the cause of popular education.

We have time and again said that we did not regard the public school system as the best means of educating the children. We have time and again expressed the opinion that it would be very much better to have the children educated in private schools at the expense of their parents, for then there would be no question of socialism, and the Bible could be taught without any embarrassment. But as many parents are unable to pay tuition, and as education is necessary to the uplift of the people, we accept the public school system as the best that can be done, as the choice between education and ignorance, always holding up the danger of the socialistic feature and warning Democrats against socialistic encroachments.

Another curious remark by our contemporary is that the cure for socialism is to be found in the teachings of the Bible.

On the contrary, the teachings of the New Testament are socialistic. Perfect Christianity would undoubtedly lead to

perfect socialism, and if all men were perfect Christians the dream of the socialist would be realized.

We realize that we have wandered away from the subject under discussion, but the Herald has led us.

## VIRGINIA LANDS.

In our local columns recently it was stated that a citizen of Minnesota had come to Richmond thoroughly sick of his experiences in the land of blizzards, and determined to make his home under the sunny skies of the Old Dominion. He has quit Minnesota for good, will purchase a farm near Richmond, and will spend his remaining days in this good land.

We believe that there are hundreds and thousands of men in the bleak regions of the Northwest who would follow this man's example if Virginia would take the trouble to go after them and show them the inducements offered here. We have large areas of unoccupied lands, and they are selling at a ridiculously low price. Now that farm labor is becoming scarcer we need more than we ever needed farmers who will take up small bodies of land and work them with their own hands. We make the mistake of supposing that outsiders know all about our bargains without advertising them. But this is a big country, and if we expect people to know all about Virginia, we must carry the information to them. Here and there a man will find out for himself, but these are the few. The many are to be reached by judicious advertising and personal solicitation.

Virginia will have a great opportunity at the St. Louis Exposition to advertise herself, and it is to be hoped that the opportunity will be improved to the utmost. We do not need to advertise our riches and our past glory, for they are well known here, and from a practical point of view it matters very little whether or not they are exploited. But we do need to advertise our lands, our minerals, our water power, our rich resources of whatever character, our advantages of soil and climate and location, and all the inducements we offer to settlers. The St. Louis Exposition and the Jamestown Exposition, which is so soon to follow, should mark a new era of progress and development in the Old Dominion.

The President's feat last Saturday in riding horseback sixty miles from Laramie to Cheyenne has this early raised a discussion of his ability as a horseman as compared with other occupants of the presidential chair. The Springfield Republican thinks Mr. Roosevelt is not the equal of Washington or Grant in this respect. It says General Grant was one of the best horsemen that ever served in the United States army. This will be news to a great many people who were under the impression that General Grant was a clumsy rider, lacking in horsemanship and a stranger to grace in the saddle. The Republican adds: "With full respect for President Roosevelt's equestrian ability, it is probably just to say that he would not rank higher than third among the Presidents of the United States as a horseman. Both Washington and Grant were surely his superiors in this line, for they were horse-trained from early childhood, and both were natural lovers of horsemanship."

We are of the opinion that Andrew Jackson was something of a horseman, and it is to be doubted if Mr. Roosevelt is his equal in the saddle.

The military bill passed the Virginia Senate unanimously, fixing the tax for the support of the volunteers at three-fourths of one per cent. It was, however, defeated in the House, but at the last moment, with the active help of Colonel George Wayne Anderson and other friends, it was pulled out of the fire and passed, carrying a one-half of one per cent rate, having been amended on motion of Mr. Boaz. This will mean a reduction in the fund, for, though it is now one-half of one per cent, all money coming into the treasury from regular sources other than the school fund, yet the reduction of the tax rate will presumably reduce the fund.

The Cleveland mood is state news now, in fact, has almost been forgotten in the rush of other more startling news of various kinds, but Mr. Bourke Cockran, the eloquent man of New York, who is touring Germany, has just heard of it, and has hastened to express his opinion. Said opinion is if the popular demand is strong enough to force Mr. Cleveland's nomination on the Democratic party, that same popular demand will be strong enough to elect him. There could be nothing more logical than that, but it is not such a startling opinion as to justify cable telegrams.

Science has begun to discuss why Chicago people do not laugh. We thought they do laugh. We know they smile, and the service of a scientist is not required to ascertain the cause.

It seems to be the fate of Kansas to keep right on bleeding. If it isn't bad politics, it's drought, and when it isn't drought, it is tornado or overflood.

The act of Dr. B. Benjamin Andrews in reversing himself on the money question had nothing whatever to do with the floods in Nebraska.

In the matter of railway wrecks, cyclones, tornadoes, storms and frightful floods, the year 1903 is doing considerable at record breaking.

After all, it was nothing more than a contest for position at the pie counter between pie distributors Foraker and Hanna.

And now the President has called another boss to the book. Senator Platt has said "me too" to Hanna's lead.

Anyhow, Postmaster-General Payne was too smart to wait for congressional investigation.

The New York Y. M. C. A. runs more smoothly since Mr. Rockefeller sold it to the tune of half a million plunks.

Mrs. Carrie Nation looks with envy at these axes the Pennsylvania Railway used on the Western Union poles.

There seems to be a growing conviction that Farmville needs that dispensary in her business.

The sweet girl graduate will continue to hold the floor for yet a few days longer.

There is talk of reviving the importance of the mugwump in politics.

Trend of Thought  
In Dixie Land

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER XX.  
A DEED OF TREASON.

"What do you see?" exclaimed Jack, immediately jumping to the conclusion that some of the enemy were approaching. "Have they cut us off from the other end?"

"Worse than that!" groaned Manroo Punt.

"Worse?" echoed the young officer.

"Look for yourselves, sahibs!"

He held the lamp at arm's length, and the gleaming light showed the soldiers, saw that the tunnel was choked from floor to ceiling by a mass of intermingled earth and timbers. Their further progress was hopelessly blocked.

"What cursed Jack!" muttered Manroo Punt, as the top had caved in.

"And perhaps Govind Punt lies buried underneath."

"Would that he was!" the zemindar cried furiously. "By the soul of Shiva the Destroyer, may the sentence curse the traitor who has done this!"

Manroo Punt's eyes flashed with such a wrathful fire that his companions shrank from him as if from a madman.

"Speak the truth, sahibs," he continued. "This subterranean passage was dug in perilous times many years ago, but it was I who arranged the timbered roof in such a manner that it could be brought down by the fall of a single upright post, to which a rope was attached. Govind Punt knew of this. His hand pulled away the column, in order that we should be left here to die by the sword and the bullet."

"The black-hearted scoundrel!" exclaimed Manroo Punt. "By heavens, I wish I had my fingers on his throat this minute!"

"We should have watched him more closely," said Jack. "I always suspected him of treachery, but he expressed nothing of revenge—because he hated us for being under your protection."

"No, sahibs, his first thought was self-preservation. Selfishness and cowardice were Govind's worst faults, ever since he was a youth. He has earned immunity, should be charged with fighting against the rajah's men. He will either take flight to Delhi, or join Balaam Khan's force."

"I suppose there is no digging through that mass of debris?" suggested Estcourt.

"It would be a day's labor, sahib, even with proper tools."

Madge clung tightly to her lover. Her face was as pale as the glow of the lamp, and she was stamped with supreme heroism, with womanly resignation.

"Remember," she whispered. "Don't let them take me alive."

"Ask me anything but that—I retract my promise," Jack replied fiercely.

"They will at least spare your life! They will not even dare to harm you."

His voice faltered and broke, as a choking lump rose in his throat.

"It may be that I am wrong and that we accuse my brother unjustly," he said. "But in a calmer tone, 'Perhaps the roof fell by accident, and not by his hand. At all events, our last hope is gone. It is fate—the will of heaven. Let us meet our end with fortitude, sahibs, as brave men should.'"

"But I would rather die anywhere than here—in this dark, stifling hole."

The muffled clamor in the distance was suddenly ringing shrill and loud. "Hark! In the name of Allah, the ladder was dropped through the open trap on the floor, and it was scarcely in position when dusky forms came scrambling down the rungs as nimbly as monkeys."

The enemy rushed in a disorderly mass, and shouting eagerly to one another, they caught sight of the little group crouching in the shadows, and with savage yells of exultation they broke into a run.

"Fire!" cried Jack.

He discharged his pistol and the report of Estcourt's rifle rang almost simultaneously. It was next to impossible to miss, and two men dropped. Some of the others at once fired a volley from their matchlocks, and, alas, with no uncertain result.

As the heavy discharges crashed and reverberated through the cavern, Estcourt's right arm fell limply to his side, and his rifle slipped from his stinging fingers. A bullet hit Manroo Punt fairly between the eyes, and he toppled over dead, a martyr to the cause of an alien race.

No more shots were fired by either party, and the enemy believed that resistance was at an end. They leaped forward with a shout, and the first to reach the entrance were Balaam Khan and Joel Spanish, who were the first to loom out of the edifying wreaths of smoke.

When the zemindar fell the lamp was upset on the floor, and a pool of oil ran out and burst in flame. The lurid light revealed a tragic scene—Estcourt leaning faintly against the wall, with blood trickling from his wounded elbow; Jack confronting the foe with a look of mental agony on his powder-grimed face; and Madge clinging to the body which she urged him to a deed that he dared not do.

The young officer had one loaded pistol left, but whether to fire at Spanish, or to turn it on the girl's palpitating heart, was a choice from which he shrank in the terrible moment.

"God help me, I can't do it!" he groaned. "And yet if they should take her alive—"

He must decide quickly. The fierce, dusky faces encircled him, glaring at him with fury, and spiteful imprecations and curses. Balaam Khan's lips were parted in a hideous snarl of hatred, and he held a naked sword in his sound arm.

"Kill the heretic dogs!" he cried, as he gave a contemptuous kick to the body of Manroo Punt. "Put them to the steel! Cut them down!"

"Death to the feringshees!" clamored half a dozen voices. "Spare none!"

Balaam Khan, who towered above the rest in his coat of mail, made a dash, flanking his men unheeded their keen edged tulwars.

"Jack, if you love me," begged Madge. "The flashing blades were lifted, and another second or two would have seen the bloody work begun."

But a sudden inspiration, a wild ray of hope that set his heart to beating violently, came to the young officer in the nick of time. He remembered the charm that he had thoughtlessly worn about his neck for many a month.

"Stop!" he cried, in a ringing voice. "Our lives are sacred! You dare not harm us! He tore open his shirt and drew out a sparkling crimson gem—the ruby ring that had been given to him by a

grateful Hindoo in the jungle of Bithoor.

"Look," he added. "Here is the pledge of our safety—the gift of Chandra Singh to me, who saved his life."

There was a tense, thrilling pause. Balaam Khan hesitated, then stopped forward, anxiously examining the ring. With a perplexed and scowling face, he waved a hand to his men, who lowered their tulwars with muttered grumbling.

"This is a falsehood, a trick of the feringshees!" cried Joel Spanish, furious. "The Hindoo gave the ring to the man who he has forfeited! Let them perish!"

"But the jewel bears the seal of his highness, and it hath a certain power," answered Balaam Khan.

It means nothing in this case," snarled the ferocious fustian. "And remember your order—slay and spare not!"

Balaam Khan glanced furtively toward his men, as much as to say that but for their presence he would have no mercy on the prisoners. Then he turned to Jack.

"How is it, Sahib, that you claim safety for three?" he demanded. "Your life alone is sacred by virtue of the rajah's seal."

"Not so!" the young officer replied boldly. "The ring was given to protect myself and those about me, from any peril that might befall."

"A lie!" cried Joel Spanish. "Cut them down!"

"I dare not," answered Balaam Khan. "On my head would be the consequences. The feringshees must go to Jalapoor, and his highness will decide their fate."

The leader's word, finally given, was not to be disputed, and with an angry oath Joel Spanish sheathed his sword.

They will all die in the end," he cried venomously. "It is but a short respite that you grant them."

To the captives the dismal cavern seemed now almost a cheerful place. A fervent "Thank God!" fell from Estcourt's lips, and he forgot the racking pain in his arm. Madge threw herself at her lover's arms and sobbed on his breast.

"Don't fear for the future," Jack whispered to her. "Chandra Singh is in my debt, and though he will certainly hold us prisoners, I believe our lives will be safe."

Half an hour later the three feringshees were under strong guard in the rooms of the house, and Estcourt's arm had been rudely dressed and bandaged.

Balaam Khan's men were ransacking everywhere for loot, and Joel Spanish, who engaged the services of Argyle, was chancing to find the body of Nath Banerji. He would have passed it by but for the discovery of the missing finger, which claimed his interest and attention at once.

He examined every stitch of clothing on the corpse, expressed his disappointment by a curse, and then hastily sought the prisoners.

"Who is the dead man that was slain by a dagger?" he demanded. "And who killed him? It was not done by any of our soldiers."

Jack gave a brief explanation. "The assassin was one of the zemindar's people," he concluded. "That is all I can tell you."

That the young officer was speaking the truth, and concealing nothing, Joel Spanish did not doubt. The same day, later of the treachery and escape of Govind Punt, but he was in ignorance of that as yet, else he might not have wasted the time that he did in searching the dead who fell in the defense of the village, and paying similar, more guarded attentions to the wounded. Nothing came of his toil, however, except the conviction that the Parsee's murderer was among the few of the garbison who had succeeded in escaping.

He was not, however, quite so keenly, but on second thought he took a more philosophical view of it.

"By Brahma, perhaps it is just as well," he said to himself. "For verily the thing seems to carry a curse with its possession."

The hour of midnight found Balaam Khan's victorious force on the march to Jalapoor, laden with plunder, and with three feringshees captives riding among them. Before leaving they fired the zemindar's house, and a lurid column of flame, mounting high to the starry heavens, lighted them on their way.

CHAPTER XXI.  
THE DOOR IN THE WALL.

The night of June 4th was the date of the triumphant attack on Manroo Punt's stronghold. When the sun rose on the morning of the 5th, it shone on a scene of sorrow and desolation, and its glorious rays seemed a cruel mockery to the few inmates of the jungle village.

The survivors of the garbison—a few escaped the fury of the attack, and a few more had long since crept back to bury the dead, minister to the wounded, and offer what solace was possible to the Hindu widows and orphaned children.

A score of miles to the southward, on that same day, an Englishman was conducting a small cart, with a few weeks in the impenetrable palace fortress of Jalapoor.

But on this occasion Jack Fane occupied a strong cell, from the grated window of which he could see armed sentries pacing a small court. He had been locked up here immediately after his arrival on the previous morning, and since then he had heard nothing of Madge nor of the fate of his father.

His first thought was to try to escape, but he had been able to extract any information whatever from his jailers. His keenest ally was his brother, and next in his thoughts was her brother.

For Ralph Estcourt's fate was uncertain. During the night's ride from the village he had communicated to Jack his intention to escape, with the hope of reaching the British army, that was perhaps even now besieging Delhi, and of inducing the commanding officer to take measures for the rescue of Chandra Singh's prisoners.

His would was really very slight, but he had been so tired and so weary, and so relaxing the watch that was kept on him, he effected his purpose. In the thickest part of the jungle he slipped from his horse and vanished in the darkness, and though half an hour was wasted in searching for him, he successfully eluded recapture.

(Continued To-Morrow.)

A Few Foreign Facts.

An official report shows that at the end of last year there were in Japan 37 agricultural schools, 4 fishery schools, 23 technical schools, 10 commercial schools, 7 mercantile schools and 62 industrial schools.

Not only are American mowers, harvesters and hay rakes in use in all the smaller agricultural implements, such as forks, garden and lawn rakes, hoes, shovels, spades and hand potato diggers, have also rapidly grown in favor, and are now on sale in nearly every local hardware store.

The Gaelic version of Knox's Martyr, which was sold in London for 500 pounds, belonged to the library of Argyle, was printed in Edinburgh by Robert Lepprie, April, 1567, duodecimo, and appears to be the copy preserved by the Duke of Argyll. It wants the signature, but is otherwise perfect.

Mrs. Douglas Robinson, of New York, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt, has offered a splendid assistance to William Pickens, the Yale negro student, who won the Ten Deyck prize for oratory.

Cruelty to children is obviously not a serious affair in Austria. A father was killed as a child by ill treatment, was the other day punished by eight days' arrest.

## THE PURPLE GOD.

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